

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

HICKLE DAME IN ANCIENT TIMES.

The Ton of Old Times.

In all ages woman is rather what man makes her than what poets dream or painters imagine. The attraction of the sexes does not become more or less, like political creeds, according to the time when wider room is made for their action in the world. Men and women exist for each other; and women in the days of the Roman emperors, as to-day, were the faculties and all their ingenuity simply to please men. We beg literary women not to take offense at our statement, for it will bear a dispassionate examination. The girls of Boston or New York are not more beautiful than those of the girls of Pompeii; but they are not just as eager to look beautiful?

We have yet to learn the A B C of Nature, and we believe that she is far wiser than any of the philosophers, priests, or theologians of our pious nineteenth century. She knows what she is about, and guards well the secret of her enchantments, and she teaches women to be women, as she teaches girls how to be those frail, delicate, and sensitive beings, which, like the sunning springs of the earth, year after year, make fresh under our eyes the virginity of Beauty.

So, in gently pushing open the door of the dressing-room, we see a beautiful, healthy Pompeian woman, as shall neither feel nor show more surprise at what we see there, than if we were the privileged intruder allowed to look at, touch, and fumble the nameless knick-knacks and fancy articles of the museum room of our modern belles; since to-day, as centuries ago, Fashion, with all its implements, is but the accredited accomplice of Nature, and serves her best when most successfully it lends its aid to complete in a woman's face, or figure what Nature has graciously left imperfect.

Our social forms being different from those of the days of Pompeii, the position of woman in society is also different, and necessarily gives her much more to do, and she has more to do; women; they only had, here and there, reading women, like the daughter of Ovid, for instance, whose sweetness of character was not marred by any coarseness or harsh, petulant tone or spirit. Our modern women, by some unexplained conjunction of personal needs or losses, are too often too indifferent to the graces of womanhood, and free from all the sweet necessities of the woman-nature, to be appreciable. To please does not seem to be the prominent ambition of their nature—to be loved and admired the end of their best efforts. They have entered as competitors with men in the world of letters, and insist upon sharing the publicity and the reputation with our men. But those who are satisfied in simply being what women can naturally be, and who, without fretful scorn for what they cannot attain, or helpless vanity in what they feebly imitate, accept their mere womanliness as the only and the only possibilities of their influence, will take interest in finding out with us the points of resemblance between themselves and their sisters of dead centuries.

The women of Pompeii lived a life exclusively devoted to pleasure. Every demand of soul and spirit, every requirement of the intellect, seems to have been sacrificed to achieving a perfect blossoming of the senses. From what we are allowed to know, their houses were paintings and mosaics lately discovered, and from what we must infer, not an inch of time was given to the soul and its imperious needs, and no room made for it to expand in; but the physical life of the woman of Pompeii, the absolute intoxication of voluptuousness, tyrannized over every moment, and appropriated every hour of a woman's life.

We must remember how different is our domestic economy from that of those days. We are not told that any of the problems of that vexed "Bridget question" disturbed the placid ease of the mistresses of houses. Servants then were slaves, and, as such, unquestioning, willing, competent ministers to the luxurious habits of wealthy women. Those servants were skilful waiting-maids, filling around their mistresses the double office of confidantes and servants. And so admirably adjusted were the separate elements of that system of domestic economy, that not one of the servants interfered with the work of the other, or mistook her special duty, but rather, by her own punctiliousness to time and exactitude, helped to render each recurring day a day of uniform and every hour a day of new delight, to the queen-woman, who thought of nothing else but how to please her favorite admirer.

It seems that the absence of activity and labor in the daily life of women, chiefly, perhaps, the absence of family responsibilities, and the consequent idleness, made abundant room for the protracted performance of a toilet, which, instead of an hour, or every morning, occupied half the day. For, on awakening, the lady of fashion called her slaves to her bedside, and had herself more effectively aroused by various manipulations and applications, at which our implacable individual independence would simply revolt. First, the lady of fashion had her hair washed, before any man's eye is allowed to glance at her. Sleep alone has not so unburdened and disturbed the color and destroyed the roundness of those cheeks, or made those eyes hang so heavily over the lids, as the washing. The paste of bread and milk, which was so carefully spread all over the face last night, has to be removed in such a way that the slightest redness or irritation of the skin shall remain. What this is effected, the teeth are replaced—they had artificial teeth in those days—the eyebrows are artistically pencilled, and the lips, and cheeks, if necessary, stained with the bloom of youth.

Roman lady of fashion, as well as our women, that the charm of art is to remain unseen and unsuspected. Therefore, none but their own personal attendants were allowed near them during the elaborate process of the toilet. Yet, men would find out, and would know men would see, what was intended to be so well concealed. All the Roman poets become, by turns, satirists and censors when writing about their women, and, for page after page, they write about nothing else. The charm holds them, entrances them.

Turn to Lucian, or Ovid, or Martial, or Juvenal, and see what they say; how they admonish and mock; how they criticize and rail, and in an instant every all except to admire more than ever. Does not this simply warn us that fashionable beauty is not to be familiarly harled, taken apart piece by piece, examined and classified like some poor chance, and the high road? A woman's beauty is enough for men, and he need not inquire whether it comes or where it comes. Man is here protected against disenchantment and disgust by non-familiarity with what he most would admire.

Remains the same fascination which French taste and French style have for us. A Roman woman of fashion refused to use any cosmetic that would have a Greek name attached to it. The utmost ambition of the belle of Pompeii was to look like a Greek woman, to walk like a Greek woman, to lip like a Greek woman, and like a Greek woman to entertain men with the seductive grace of her sensuous beauty.

Among the most remarkable of the articles of luxury which more recent excavations have given to the world, are the corals or jewelry boxes, used by the Roman women to keep their ornaments. Some of these boxes are two feet high, telling at once that a fortune was treasured within their chiselled circumference. The jewels do not materially differ from modern ones, save in workmanship and design. Bracelets, rings, earrings, gold and pearl ornaments for the head, buckles for the belt, and clasps to fasten the flowing aprons over the shoulders; these, and the most marvelous of combs, necklaces, toothbrushes, and hair brushes, formed part of the valuables which the Roman woman of fashion considered as her own special property, and upon which her thoughts so fondly dwelt when she asked herself—"How shall I look to-day?"

We feel that she looked beautiful, when we remember what were some of the ornaments she wore, and how profusely she introduced the glitter of gold in her full-dressed costume. The Roman ladies were exceedingly fond of jewelry. Pearls and precious stones had for them the same charm which they have for us. When *en grande toilette*, the lady of Pompeii covered her whole person with jewelry. Her luxuriant hair, parted in the middle, and her necklaces, arms and hands glittered with the imprisoned fires of the opal, flashed with gold, or were encircled with the pale, soft light of the pearl. It seems that in this particular fashion of wearing jewelry, the purple women of Pompeii took the lead. Dignified matrons at once adopted the extravagant taste, and the fashionable painters soon decked their divinites with the new invention.

A *mode Venus*, recently discovered upon the walls of Pompeii, wears a gold band around her head, two bracelets on each wrist, a long gold chain dropping in her bosom, and rings on every finger; this giving us another picture of the taste that prevailed at the time when, perhaps, she was painted from some ideal living girl or woman.

If we closely compare some particular fashion of those remote days with the fashion of our own time, we shall be surprised to notice the slightness of the difference in taste. Take, for instance, the mode of arranging the hair. But before all, take the hair itself. Yes, take it, touch it, handle it, look at it long. Can you make sure of the color? It is the very color we admire so much to-day—red hair; blonde hair and blonde women were then as much admired, as much sought after, as the choicest blonde blossoms of our drawing-rooms of today. So great was the preference given to blonde and yellow and red hair, that all sorts of toilet artifices were resorted to obtain from drugs and ointments the one color which painters and poets still delight to picture in their softest dreams of fair women. We beg pardon of all the magnificent Junos whose black tresses match the night. Had they lived in that carnival of luxury they would, no doubt, have done what some of them try to do now. They would have dyed.

The Pompeian women obtained from the East an argument with which they saturated their hair, and then sat for hours in the sun until the foreign substance was dried in, and the hair transformed into a golden color. It is the very color we admire so much to-day—red hair; blonde hair and blonde women were then as much admired, as much sought after, as the choicest blonde blossoms of our drawing-rooms of today. So great was the preference given to blonde and yellow and red hair, that all sorts of toilet artifices were resorted to obtain from drugs and ointments the one color which painters and poets still delight to picture in their softest dreams of fair women. We beg pardon of all the magnificent Junos whose black tresses match the night. Had they lived in that carnival of luxury they would, no doubt, have done what some of them try to do now. They would have dyed.

The mode of dressing the hair varied as it varies with us, fashion being more of an arbitrary taste in that important detail of woman's costume. Hats and cushions were skilfully adjusted by the slave confidante to the head of her mistress, and we find some traces of the water-lily. Curls seem to have been the favorite style of dressing the hair for a time—curls thrown back of the head and flowing on the neck, such as we see in the Pompeian paintings. The hair in a large knot on the summit of the head, or in short ringlets around the forehead, was also a favorite mode with the exquisite of those days of exquisite elegance. But what adorned most the head of the Pompeian belle were the jeweled combs and the jeweled pins which they used to fasten their hair. Some of these are marvellously beautiful—not in color only, but in poetical design. One of those pins is in the form of a Venus, seated on an eight inches long, is surmounted by a Venus chiselled in gold; she is twisting her hair, and looks at herself in a mirror held by Cupid. Another is ornamented with a small figure of a satyr, holding a lyre, and a small figure of a satyr, holding a lyre, and a small figure of a satyr, holding a lyre.

Our aigrettes, our diamond constellations, and our gold brooches are very beautiful, but among all our modern designs for jewelry and *parures*, none are so striking, or more suggestive of ideas so evocative as those suggested by the taste of the graceful ancients.

Young girls in Pompeii wore nets, and exercised the art of fastening capriciousness of their fickle taste in choice of color, texture and style. Some of them were made of gold thread studded with pearls and other precious stones.

very novel arrangement of the hair that was imported from Rome. The hair of the Germanic tribes brought in the most fantastic modes and influenced much the feminine taste of Rome, and it was under that influence that gold-dust was generally used as hair-dresser by the fashionable women. Nothing is more natural than that women of fashion should create a fashion by their simple preference or taste, just as is done in our days. And just as naturally, as soon as that fashion has been generally prevalent, the distinction which is its greatest charm, another newer one is tried, dressed, and adopted. Natural flowers were a favorite ornament for the hair. The Roman belles wore wreaths of flowers—always fragrant flowers—of the evening entertainment. They also wore chaplets of flowers around the neck and bosom, so as to inhale the delicious odor which, when yielded by the head-wreath, must be lost to the wearer. A singular fashion of the Roman women was to appear in public by daylight with flowers upon them. They might not even carry bouquets under their left arm. Was it because they might have been considered as victims? Those flower-wreaths and chaplets were worn with elaborate art, and always intended to be symbolical when sent, half withered and yet fragrant, to some bashful favorite. Fresh flowers would not have been welcomed by the jealous suitor, who loved to imagine that he was passing the woman whom he loved in the fast-drooping and finger crumpled petals which had mingled with her beauty. It was also the custom to complete a message of love and to give a redoubtful or forwarding either a ring or a letter, with the intention of appearing in the dress which now, at the very heart of a woman's nature, nothing could be more unlike our modern female costume than that of the Roman women. Their ideal was naturalness, and hence genuine beauty of form. They were not content with the view of the woman, but of her soul, and they were not content with the view of her soul, but of her soul, and they were not content with the view of her soul, but of her soul.

When at home, the tonic covered the whole, and the length of that ample, flowing drapery measured the extent of her elegance. Over that it seems that the "purple women" of those days preferred to wear their tunics very short, to show their legs laden with bracelets, while the Roman matrons lengthened the vesture by drawing down the skirt, so that the fingers were fastened under some folds of the tucked-up drape. For the promenade, women of fashion wore a mantle, the beauty of which was best pictured by the style in which it expanded, the right breast, and was thrown over the left shoulder. Those mantles were invariably white, and so fine in texture that the meagre little Petronius speaks of them as of "woven wind." Fashionable women of those days wore sandals, kid boots. The "purple women" generally wore sandals, so as to let their feet be seen—those finely shaped, large Roman feet, which our modern taste would admire more had they been smaller.

Extreme care was bestowed upon the nails of the feet and hands. There was one special slave invested with the responsibility of keeping the nails of her mistress properly pared, cleaned, and polished. Her fingers were washed, and they were delicately cherished their hands and fingers. They kept them beautiful, not by idleness alone, but by a variety of cosmetics intended to render the skin soft, smooth, and flower-like. And as the custom of the day was to wear the fingers of women streak eloquently in adroit gesticulation, the beauty of the hand could not be overlooked. Horace makes fun of some original war in dispute enough to cut his own nail, and dispense with the services of his barber.

In looking at some of the jewels of Pompeii, one is surprised to find how very fond were the ladies of the snake form, and how they preferred having rings and bracelets representing serpents. Gold and silver, the most precious materials, more or less decent, that hours from necklaces, and were used to conjure away distressing influences. Even living snakes were petted by Roman belles, who carried them about in their bosoms, and, as if they were let them lie curling on their bosoms. For women's sake alone, did they carry smooth rock-crystal balls in their hands, while the slave fanned their heated faces and necks. After the fashion of carrying the balls had been come so universal that the Alps failed to yield a sufficient quantity of crystal, yellow amber was substituted. Juvenal tells us that the amber ball was never so much prized, and never so delicately held, as when it issued fragrant from the hand of a lady.

Fans and parasols had their place among the appurtenances of a woman's toilet, and were considered objects of luxury by their cleanliness and delicate workmanship. The fans were mostly made of very thin pieces of precious wood, ivory, carved all over with the minutest down of the rarest of birds.

Well, we have looked long enough to be made sad, and then the fictions and follies of the poor heathen women who were smothered in the ashes of Pompeii, and, as if they were volcanic tomb has preserved all these silent witnesses to show how the passions, the ambitions, the vanities of women are ever the same, and how even the fancies with which they bedeck themselves, press the same notions of beauty, and use the same materials, and wear the same ornaments. Only the lovely persons for whom extravagant expenses were incurred, such intricate delicacies bestowed, such untiring thought devoted—only those lovely women themselves died to—on, passed away so utterly.

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Come and convince yourselves. [D 13]m

JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, Trustee in a certain Indenture of Mortgage of the property hereinafter described, executed by the Tyone and Clearfield Railroad Company to me, as Notary Public, in and for the County of Luzerne, in the State of Pennsylvania, and in and for the County of Centre, in the State of New York, do hereby give notice that default having been made by the said Tyone and Clearfield Railroad Company in the payment of the principal and interest of bonds of said Company, in the sum of \$100,000, which were issued and dated the 12th day of May, A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office for recording deeds, etc., in and for the County of Luzerne, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the book A, pages 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, and in the office for recording deeds, etc., in and for the County of Centre, in the State of New York, in the book A, pages 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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